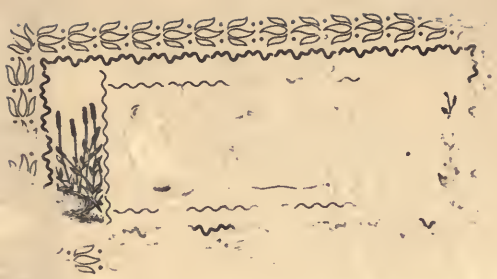

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ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ
ΜΕΛΗ

ANACREON

THOMAS STANLEY'S TRANSLATION

ILLUSTRATED BY

J. E. WEGUELIN

NEW YORK
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ANACREON.

The Lute.

I.

Of th' Atrides I would sing,
Or the wand'ring Theban king;
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love;
I new strung it, and to play
Herc'les' labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but love would sound:
Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

Beauty.

II.

Horns to bulls wise Nature lends;
Horses she with hoofs defends;
Hares with nimble feet relieves;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives;
Fishes learns through streams to slide;
Birds through yielding air to glide;
Men with courage she supplies;
But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armour is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

Love's Night Walk.

III.

DOWNWARD was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busy troubles rest;
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light;
Where, perceiving all fast lock'd,
At the door he boldly knock'd.
"Who's that," said I, "that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?"
"Ope," saith Love, "for pity hear;
'Tis a child, thou need'st not fear,

Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray."
With compassion this I heard;
Light I struck, the door unbarr'd;
Where a little boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand,
With my own I chaf'd his hand,
And with kindly busy care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair.
When well warm'd he was, and dry,
"Now," saith he, "'tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet."
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierc'd my heart;
Leaping then, and laughing said,
"Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound."

[*On Himself.*]

IV.

On this verdant lotus laid,
Underneath the myrtle's shade,
Let us drink our sorrows dead,
Whilst Love plays the Ganimed.
Life like to a wheel runs round,
And ere long, we underground
(Ta'en by death asunder) must
Moulder in forgotten dust.
Why then graves should we bedew?
Why the ground with odours strew?
Better whilst alive, prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair.
Come, my fair one! come away;
All our cares behind us lay,
That these pleasures we may know,
Ere we come to those below.

Roses.

V.

Roses (Love's delight) let's join
To the red-cheek'd God of Wine;
Roses crown us, while we laugh,
And the juice of Autumn quaff!
Roses of all flowers the king,
Roses the fresh pride o' th' Spring,
Joy of every deity.
Love, when with the Graces he
For the ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with roses.
Circling then with these our brow,
We'll to Bacchus' temple go:
There some willing beauty lead,
And a youthful measure tread.

Another.

VI.

Now with roses we are crown'd,
Let our mirth and cups go round,
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branch'd with ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound,
Play'd on by some boy, whose choice
Skill is heighten'd by his voice;
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the God of Wine,
Will flock hither, glad to see
Old men of their company.

The Chase.

VII.

With a whip of lilies, Love
Swiftly me before him drove;
On we cours'd it, through deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
Till a snake that lurking lay,
Chanc'd to sting me by the way:
Now my soul was nigh to death,
Ebbing, flowing with my breath;
When Love, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings;
"Learn," saith he, "another day
Love without constraint t' obey."

The Dream.

VIII.

As on purple carpets I
Charm'd by wine in slumber lie,
With a troop of maids (resorted
There to play) methought I sported;
Whose companions, lovely boys,
Interrupt me with rude noise,
Yet I offer made to kiss them,
But o' th' sudden wake and miss them.
Vext to see them thus forsake me,
I to sleep again betake me.

The Dove.

IX.

WHITHER flies my pretty dove?
Whither, nimble scout of Love?
From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with sweetness fill.
"Is't to thee which way I'm bent?
By Anacreon I am sent
To Rhodantha, she who all
Hearts commands, Love's general.
I to Venus did belong,
But she sold me for a song
To her poet; his I am,
And from him this letter came,

For which he hath promis'd me
That ere long he'll set me free.
But though freedom I should gain,
I with him would still remain;
For what profit were the change,
Fields from tree to tree to range,
And on hips and haws to feed,
When I may at home pick bread
From his hand, and freely sup
Purest wine from his own cup?
Hovering then with wings display'd,
I my master overshade;
And if night invite to rest,
In his harp I make my nest.

Now thou dost my errand know,
Friend, without more questions go;
For thy curiosity
Makes me to outchat a pie."

Love in Wax.

X.

As Love's image, to be sold,
Wrought in wax I did behold,
To the man I went; "What is,
Friend," said I, "the price of this?"
"Give me what you please," he said;
"This belongs not to my trade,
And so dangerous a guest,
In my house I'm loth should rest."
"Give m' him for this piece," said I,
"And the boy with me shall lie."
But, Love, see thou now melt me,
Or I'll do as much for thee.

The Combat.

XI.

Now will I a lover be;
Love himself commanded me.
Full at first of stubborn pride,
To submit my soul denied;
He his quiver takes and bow,
Bids defiance, forth I go,
Arm'd with spear and shield, we meet;
On he charges, I retreat:
Till perceiving in the fight
He had wasted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himself he shot,

And my cold heart melts ; my shield
Useless, no defence could yield ;
For what boots an outward screen
When, alas, the fight's within !

The Swallow.

XII.

CHATTERING swallow! what shall we,
Shall we do to punish thee?
Shall we clip thy wings, or cut
Tereus-like thy shrill tongue out?
Who Rhodantha driv'st away
From my dreams by break of day.

[*Wine and Love.*]

XIII.

Atis through deserted groves,
Cybele invoking roves;
And like madness them befell
Who were drunk at Phœbus' well:
But I willingly will prove
Both these furies, Wine and Love.

The Old Lover.

XIV.

By the women I am told
"'Las! Anacreon thou grow'st old,
Take thy glass and look else, there
Thou wilt see thy temples bare."
Whether I be bald or no,
That I know not, this I know,—
Pleasures, as less time to try
Old men have, they more should ply.

[*Content.*]

XV.

I NOT care for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold:
All my care is to prepare
Fragrant unguents for my hair;
All my care is where to get
Roses for a coronet;
All my care is for to-day;
What's to-morrow who can say?
Come, then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying, Hold! th' hast drunk enough.

The Captive.

XVI.

THOU of Thebes, of Troy sings he;
I my own captivity:
'Twas no army, horse, or foot,
Nor a navy brought me to't,
But a stranger enemy
Shot me from my mistress' eye.

The Wish.

XVII.

NIOBE on Phrygian sands
Turn'd a weeping statue stands,
And the Pandionian Maid
In a swallow's wings array'd;
But a mirror I would be,
To be look'd on still by thee;
Or the gown wherein thou'rt drest,
That I might thy limbs invest;
Or a crystal spring, wherein
Thou might'st bathe thy purer skin;
Or sweet unguents, to anoint
And make supple every joint;
Or a knot, thy breast to deck;
Or a chain, to clasp thy neck;
Or thy shoe I wish to be,
That thou might'st but tread on me.

The Cup.

XVIII.

VULCAN come, thy hammer take,
And of burnish'd silver make
(Not a glittering armour, for
What have we to do with war?
But) a large deep bowl, and on it
I would have thee carve (no planet:
Pleiads, Wains, or Waggoners,
What have we to do with stars?
But to life exactly shape)
Clusters of the juicy grape;
Whilst brisk Love their bleeding heads
Hand in hand with Bacchus treads.

Another.

XIX.

ALL thy skill if thou collect,
Make a cup as I direct:
Roses climbing o'er the brim,
Yet must seem in wine to swim;
Faces too there should be there,
None that frowns or wrinkles wear;
But the sprightly Son of Jove,
With the beauteous Queen of Love;
There, beneath a pleasant shade,
By a vine's wide branches made,
Must the Loves, their arms laid by,
Keep the Graces company;
And the bright-hair'd god of day
With a youthful bevy play.

[*The Need of Drinking.*]

XX.

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

[*On Himself.*]

XXI.

REACH me here that full crown'd cup,
And at once I'll drink it up;
For my overcharged breast
Pants for drouth, with care opprest;
Whilst a chaplet of cool roses
My distemper'd brow incloses;
Love I'll drench in wine; for these
Flames alone can his appease.

The Invitation.

XXII.

COME, my fair, the heat t' evade,
Let us sit beneath this shade;
See, the tree doth bow his head,
And his arms t' invite thee spread;
Hark, the kind persuasive spring
Murmurs at thy tarrying:
Who molested by the sun
Would so sweet a refuge shun?

[*Gold.*]

XXIII.

If I thought that gold had power
To prolong my life one hour,
I should lay it up, to fee
Death, when come to summon me;
But if life cannot be bought,
Why complain I then for nought?
Death not brib'd at any price,
To what end is avarice?
Fill me then some wine; but see
That it brisk and racy be,
Such as may cold bloods inflame,
For by Bacchus arm'd we'll aim
At Cythera's highest pleasure:
Wine and love's the only treasure.

[*On Himself.*]

XXIV.

I AM sprung of human seed,
For a life's short race decreed;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown.
Busy thoughts do not disturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, some wine and music give:
Ere we die, 'tis fit we live.

[*On Himself.*]

XXV.

When with wine my soul is arm'd,
All my grief and tears are charm'd;
Life in toils why should we waste,
When we're sure to die at last?
Drink we then, nor Bacchus spare:
Wine's the antidote of Care.

[*On Himself.*]

XXVI.

When my sense in wine I steep,
All my cares are lull'd asleep:
Rich in thought, I then despise
Crœsus, and his royalties;
Whilst with ivy twines I wreath me
And sing all the world beneath me.
Others run to martial fights,
I to Bacchus's delights;
Fill the cup then, boy, for I
Drunk than dead had rather lie.

[*To Dionysus.*]

XXVII.

Jove-born Bacchus, when possest
(Care-exiling) of my breast,
In a sprightly saraband
Guides my foot and ready hand,
Which an even measure sets
'Twixt my voice and castanets;
Tir'd we sit and kiss, and then
To our dancing fall again

The Picture.

XXVIII.

PAINTER, by unmatch'd desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colors so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;
Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow;
Her dark eyebrows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,

But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoin'd, may cheat the sight:
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,
Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet:
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek:
In her lip such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guess'd.
So, to life th' hast come so near,
All of her, but voice, is here.

Another.

XXIX.

Draw my fair as I command,
Whilst my fancy guides thy hand.
Black her hair must be, yet bright,
Tipt, as with a golden light,
In loose curls thrown o'er her dress
With a graceful carelessness;
On each side her forehead crown
With an arch of sable down;
In her black and sprightly eye
Sweetness mix with majesty,
That the soul of every lover
There 'twixt hope and fear may hover:

In her cheek a blushing red
Must by bashfulness be spread;
Such her lips, as if from thence
Stole a silent eloquence:
Round her face, her forehead high,
Neck surpassing ivory;
But why all this care to make
Her description need we take?
Draw her with exactest art
After Venus in each part;
Or to Samos go, and there
Venus thou mayst draw by her.

Love Imprisoned.

XXX.

Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner,
But he'd not be gone though free,
Pleas'd with his captivity.

Europa.

XXXI.

THIS the figure is of Jove,
To a bull transform'd by Love,
On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was convey'd:
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o' th' herd e'er follow'd him.

The Accompt.

XXXII.

If thou dost the number know
Of the leaves on every bough,
If thou can'st the reckoning keep
Of the sands within the deep;
Thee of all men will I take,
And my Love's accomptant make.
Of Athenians first a score
Set me down; then fifteen more;
Add a regiment to these
Of Corinthian mistresses,
For the most renown'd for fair
In Achæa sojourn there;

Next our Lesbian Beauties tell;
Those that in Ionia dwell;
Those of Rhodes and Caria count;
To two thousand they amount.
Wonder'st thou I love so many?
'Las of Syria we not any,
Egypt yet, nor Crete have told,
Where his orgies Love doth hold.
What to those then wilt thou say
Which in eastern Bactria,
Or the western Gades remain?
But give o'er, thou toil'st in vain;
For the sum which thou dost seek
Puzzles all arithmetic.

[*The Old Lover.*]

XXXIII.

THOUGH my aged head be grey,
And thy youth more fresh than May,
Fly me not; oh! rather see
In this wreath how gracefully
Roses with pale lilies join:
Learn of them, so let us twine.

[*The Vain Advice.*]

XXXIV.

PRYTHEE trouble me no more;
I will drink, be mad, and roar:
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Mad, when they their mothers slew:
But I no man having kill'd
Am with hurtless fury fill'd.
Hercules with madness struck,
Bent his bow, his quiver shook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hector's sword, and grasp'd his shield:
I nor spear nor target have,
But this cup (my weapon) wave:
Crown'd with roses, thus for more
Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar.

The Swallow.

XXXV.

GENTLE swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go;
In the spring thy nest thou mak'st;
In the winter it forsak'st,
And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile:
But Love in my suffering breast
Builds, and never quits his nest;
First one Love's hatch'd; when that flies,
In the shell another lies;
Then a third is half expos'd;
Then a whole brood is disclos'd,

Which for meat still peeping cry,
Whilst the others that can fly
Do their callow brethren feed,
And grown up, they young ones breed.
What then will become of me
Bound to pain incessantly,
Whilst so many Loves conspire
On my heart by turns to tire?

[*Cheerful Living.*]

XXXVI.

Vex no more thyself and me
With demure philosophy:
Hollow precepts, only fit
To amuse the busy wit;
Teach me brisk Lyæus' rites;
Teach me Venus' blithe delights;
Jove loves water, give me wine;
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have;
There's no drinking in the grave.

The Spring.

XXXVII.

See the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from winter's home again;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen:
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;

Now the olive blooms: the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.

[*On Himself.*]

XXXVIII.

Old I am, yet can (I think)
Those that younger are out-drink;
When I dance no staff I take,
But a well-fill'd bottle shake:
He that doth in war delight,
Come, and with these arms let's fight;
Fill the cup, let loose a flood
Of the rich grape's luscious blood;
Old I am, and therefore may,
Like Silenus, drink and play.

[*Frolic Wine.*]

XXXIX.

When I ply the cheering bowl,
Brisk Lyæus through my soul
Straight such lively joy diffuses
That I sing, and bless the Muses;
Full of wine I cast behind
All my sorrows to the wind;
Full of wine my head I crown,
Roving loosely up and down;
Full of wine I praise the life,
Calmly ignorant of strife;
Full of wine I court some fair,
And Cythera's worth declare;

Full of wine my close thoughts I
To my jovial friends untie;
Wine makes age with new years sprout;
Wine denied, my life goes out.

The Bee.

XL.

Love, a Bee that lurk'd among
Roses saw not, and was stung:
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair mother hie,
And O help, cries he, I die;
A wing'd snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countrymen a Bee:
At which Venus, If such smart
A Bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain,
They, whom thou hast hurt, sustain?

[*Praise of Bacchus.*]

XLI.

WHILST our joys with wine we raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.
Bacchus dancing did invent;
Bacchus is on songs intent;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
And his mother how to sport;
Graceful confidence he lends;
He oppressive trouble ends;
To the bowl when we repair,
Grief doth vanish into air;
Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;
All our cares not knows the morrow;

Life is dark, let's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

[*Mirth.*]

XLII.

I DIVINE Lyæus prize,
Who with mirth and wit supplies:
Compass'd with a jovial quire,
I affect to touch the lyre:
But of all my greatest joy
Is with sprightly maids to toy;
My free heart no envy bears,
Nor another's envy fears;
Proof against invective wrongs,
Brittle shafts of poisonous tongues.
Wine with quarrels sour'd I hate,
Or feasts season'd with debate:
But I love a harmless measure;
Life to quiet hath no pleasure.

The Grasshopper.

XLIII.

GRASSHOPPER thrice-happy! who
Sipping the cool morning dew,
Queen-like chirpest all the day
Seated on some verdant spray;
Thine is all whate'er earth brings,
Or the hours with laden wings;
Thee, the ploughman calls his joy,
'Cause thou nothing dost destroy:
Thou by all art honour'd; all
Thee the spring's sweet prophet call;
By the Muses thou'rt admir'd,
By Apollo art inspir'd

Ageless, ever-singing, good,
Without passion, flesh or blood;
Oh how near thy happy state
Comes the gods to imitate!

The Dream.

XLIV.

As I late in slumber lay
Wing'd methought I ran away,
But Love (his feet clogg'd with lead)
As thus up and down I fled,
Following caught me instantly:
What may this strange dream imply?
What but this? that in my heart
Though a thousand Loves had part,
I shall now (their snares declin'd)
To this only be confin'd.

Love's Arrows.

XLV.

In the Lemnian forge of late
Vulcan making arrows sate,
Whilst with honey their barb'd points
Venus, Love with gall anoints:
Armed Mars by chance comes there,
Brandishing a sturdy spear,
And in scorn the little shaft
Offering to take up, he laugh'd:
"This," saith Love, "which thou dost slight,
Is not (if thou try it) light;"
Up Mars takes it, Venus smil'd;
But he (sighing) to the Child,
"Take it," cries, "its weight I feel;"
"Nay," says Love, "e'en keep it still."

Gold.

XLVI.

Not to love a pain is deem'd,
And to love 's the same esteem'd:
But of all the greatest pain
Is to love unlov'd again.
Birth in love is now rejected,
Parts and arts are disrespected,
Only gold is look'd upon.
A curse take him that was won
First to doat upon it; hence
Springs 'twixt brothers difference;
This makes parents slighted; this
War's dire cause and fuel is:
And what's worst, by this alone
Are we lovers overthrown.

[*Youthful Eld.*]

XLVII.

Young men dancing, and the old
Sporting I with joy behold;
But an old man gay and free
Dancing most I love to see;
Age and youth alike he shares,
For his heart belies his hairs.

[*Wine the Healer.*]

XLVIII.

Who his cups can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,
In his cups can nimbly dance,
Him Lyæus will advance:
Nectar of us mortals wine,
The glad offspring of the vine,
Screen'd with leaves, preserv'd within
The plump grape's transparent skin,
In the body all diseases,
In the soul all grief appeases.

On a Basin wherein Venus was Engraved.

XLIX.

WHAT bold hand the sea engraves,
Whilst its undetermin'd waves
In a dish's narrow round
Art's more powerful rage doth bound?
See, by some Promethean mind
Cytherea there design'd,
Mother of the deities,
Expos'd naked to our eyes
In all parts, save those alone
Modesty will not have shown,
Which for covering only have
The thin mantle of a wave:

On the surface of the main,
Which a smiling calm lays plain,
She, like frothy sedges, swims,
And displays her snowy limbs:
Whilst the foaming billow swells,
As her breast its force repels,
And her form striving to hide
Her doth by her neck divide,
Like a lily round beset
By the purple violet.
Loves, who dolphins do bestride,
O'er the silver surges ride,
And with many a wanton smile
Lovers of their hearts beguile;
Whilst the people of the flood
To her side, like wantons, scud.

The Rose.

L.

With the flowery crowned spring
Now the vernal rose we sing;
Sons of mirth, your sprightly lays
Mix with ours, to sound its praise:
Rose, the gods' and men's sweet flower;
Rose, the Graces' paramour:
This of Muses the delight,
This is Venus' favourite;
Sweet, when guarded by sharp thorns;
Sweet, when it soft hands adorns;
How at mirthful boards admir'd!
How at Bacchus' feasts desir'd!

Fair without it what is born?
Rosy-finger'd is the Morn;
Rosy-arm'd the nymphs we name;
Rosy-cheek'd Love's queen proclaim:
This relief 'gainst sickness lends;
This the very dead befriends;
This Time's malice doth prevent,
Old retains its youthful scent.
When Cythera from the main,
Pallas sprung from Jove's crack'd brain,
Then the rose receiv'd its birth
From the youthful teeming earth;
Every god was its protector,
Wat'ring it by turns with nectar,
Till from thorns it grew, and prov'd
Of Lyæus the belov'd.

The Vintage.

LI.

Men and maids at time of year
The ripe clusters jointly bear
To the press, but in when thrown,
They by men are trod alone,
Who in Bacchus' praises join,
Squeeze the grape, let out the wine:
Oh with what delight they spy
The new must when tunned work high!
Which if old men freely take,
Their grey heads and heels they shake;
And a young man, if he find
Some fair maid to sleep resign'd

In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to woo her,
Whilst Love slily stealing in
Tempts her to the pleasing sin:
Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear whate'er he proffers,
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air,
Her, who seemingly refrains,
He by pleasing force constrains;
Wine doth boldness thus dispense,
Teaching young men insolence.
5

[*On Himself.*]

LII.

When I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly:
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me;
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me:
Age be gone, we'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some wine, boy, fill about;
You shall see the old man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

[*Love's Mark.*]

LIII.

Horses plainly are descry'd
By the mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
By the mitres on their head:
But from all men else a lover
I can easily discover,
For upon his easy breast
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

[*Instructions to a Painter.*]

LIV.

Best of painters come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And Lyæus, whose shrill flute
Vies with her harmonious lute;
Draw me a full city, where
Several shapes of mirth appear;
And the laws of love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold.

[*Wine and Song.*]

LV.

BRING me hither Homer's lute,
Taught with mirth (not wars) to suit;
Reach a full cup, that I may
All the laws of wine obey,
Drink, and dance, and to the lyre
Sing what Bacchus shall inspire.

The Dream.

In a dream unto me came
Anacreon, of Teian fame.
He accosted me, and I
Ran up to him lovingly,
And my arms about him threw.
Old he was, but fair to view,
Fair, a lover of the vine;
His stain'd lip yet breath'd of wine.
Falteringly he seem'd to tread;
(Love his trembling footsteps led;)
Crowned was his brow, and he
Held the garland out to me,
Of Anacreon it breath'd:
Straight my forehead (fool!) I wreath'd;
And from that time till to-day
I by love am plagued alway.

Upon Cupid.

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found;
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.
Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.

The Bowl of Song.

SWEET the song Anacreon sings,
Sweet notes flow from Sappho's strings:
Pindar's strains, their sweets among,
Add, to crown the bowl of song.
Such a triple charm would sure
Dionysus' lips allure;
Paphos' sleek-skinn'd queen would deign,
Or Love's self, the cup to drain.

Spring.

PLEASANT 'tis abroad to stray
Thro' the meadow deep in hay,
Where soft zephyrs, breathing low,
Odorous sweets around us throw:
Pleasant, where the gadding vine
Weaves a safe shade, to recline
With some dainty girl whose breast
Cypris wholly hath possest.

Runaway Gold.

When with soft and viewless feet
Like the wind, and no less fleet,
Flies me, as he flies alway,
Gold, that arrant Runaway,
I pursue not: who is fain
To hunt a home a hateful bane?
Free from Runaway Gold, my breast
Is of sorrow dispossest;
I, to all the winds that blow,
All my cares abroad may throw:
I may take my lyre and raise
Jocund songs in Cupid's praise.
When my wary sprite disdains
To be trapped by Runaway's trains,

Suddenly he hies unto me
And with trouble would undo me;
Hoping that himself I'll take
And my darling lyre forsake.
Faithless Gold, thy labour's naught;
By thy snares I'll not be caught.
More delight than Gold doth bring
I can gain from my lute-string.
Thou men's hearts didst sow with guile,
And with envy them defile;
But the lyre. . . .